THE SALT LAKE HERALD Published Every Day in the Year. BY THE HERALD COMPANY

Terms of Subscription.

DAILY AND SUNDAY—One month, 85 cents; three months, \$2.50; one year, \$10.00.
SUNDAY—One year, \$2.00.
SEMI - WEEKLY—(In advance), one year, \$1.50; six months, 75 cents.

The outcome will be awaited with a great deal of interest. It is a well Subscribers wishing address of paper known fact that when all the saloons in Arkansas City until after the midchanged must give former as well as

rearages must be paid in every case. The Herald can be obtained at the following places:
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Total Copies of The Herald

Printed in February, 1908. 8.694 21 8,710 17.005 Total Sun. Average daily 8,624

AMUSEMENTS TODAY. Salt Lake-"Cupid at Vassar." Orpheum-Vaudeville. Grand-"Captain Herne. U. S. A." Lyric-"Quincy Adams Sawyer."

WEATHER FOR SALT LAKE.

Fair.

NEWSPAPER TRUST PROPOSED. Frank A. Munsey, owner and pubnewspapers, recently issued a statement of the benefits to be derived from in a characteristic garb, such as a red picion combinations in the daily newspaper shirt, to more readily watch them and field. Mr. Munsey's idea is to form a to more readily pick them out in case combination of a hundred, or a thou- of an emeute." and, important daily newspapers in

fidence in such an aggregation of news-

The writers would be men of world- of the escape, to brutally assault a wide fame, the artists would be men guard or a prisoner, he does it. who had won the highest reputations. the other cities in which the newspa- lature. pers of the chain might be located.

A thorough knowledge of local condicisions must be made on important to be dishonest. Yes, yes. But the it's justifiable murder case of anybody matters without the loss of a mo- great trouble with Roosevelt is that he makin' trouble f'r me later on. ment's time. Policies must be inaugu- is not willing to concede honesty of purrated on a minute's notice. It would pose or any other kind of honesty to obviously be impossible to lay these people who disagree with him. matters before the general management because there wouldn't be time. From the standpoint of the business office, and "speculation" is only an "s," re- teachin'. Mr. Munsey's scheme is a beautiful marks a contemporary. And the dif- be paid with a bungstarter. one, but the tribulations of the newsgathering and editorial departments of the news and the tribulations of the news and the new tribulations of the news and the new tribulations of the new the papers would never end.

INVADING THE CLUBS.

The club men of Pittsburg are heatedly indignant over the action of Mayor Guthrie in ordering the bars of the clubs closed at midnight, the saloons of the city being required to close at the same hour. The situation is thus described in a dispatch from Pittsburg:

the richest of the Pittsburg rich, the doors were closed at the limit time, and no person, except the members having rooms in the club, were admitted after that hour. The sideboard was declared closed at the same time, and for love or money.

stringent measures were adopted. When lungs. 12 o'clock came, not only were the members refused admittance, but those At the Pittsburg club, the Americus club, the Union club and the other social organizations no members were admitted, and officers declare that they

will obey the order of the mayor." The club members are complaining one; give up the pleasure of splitting lead of Arkansas City, an' he'd be of the ring. Charles Mitchell, on one till the middleweight was out. McAulor of the family wood and carrying in the lead of Arkansas City, an' he'd be of the ring. Charles Mitchell, on one till the middleweight was out. McAulor of the family wood and carrying in the life was arrested, charged with assault tion is to keep himself sufficiently as the the elty authorities have no containing one; give up the pleasure of splitting one; give up the pleasure o clare that the city authorities have no

right to control them, which is a view generally taken by club members in all cities. But in Pittsburg the club men have not attempted to make a test case. They have not defied the authorities so far, but it is reasonably cer-

The outcome will be awaited with a great deal of interest. It is a well ity around old man Greenhut's saloon are tightly closed the bars maintained dle of the day, unless it had happened utes f'm the time he comes in that door. All papers are continued until explicit in the clubs are wide open. Any mem- the night before that the exigencies of That's p'vidin' he comes.' order is received to discontinue. All arbers from treating non-members on ever, and therefore nothing to prevent Blaisdell was moved to remark: Sunday, but this is about the only lim-

It is argued that the club is the home of its members, and it is actualities have no more right to invade the sanctity of a chartered club than they the closing of a club bar or the allowinteresting reading.

DEATH FOR LIFE TERMERS.

The California statute which permits the infliction of the death penalty on life term convicts who commit assaults laughter. been upheld by the supreme court of the state. The defendant, James W. Finley, who is serving a life sentence spasmodically, now walking, now al- tion of seeing a whirlwind rush and with the others looking on. finley, who is serving a fire sentence spasmodically, now walking, now all some clever bungstarter work, thought for murder, assaulted a fellow prismost running, and again pausing long some clever bungstarter work, thought or a second for a moment that they were not going know it," said Jim Blaisdell, and it sockets. Then Jackson cried for quarter work the statute constitute constitute craft in splendid oner. The jury, under the statute, condemned him to death. His attorneys vent curses and threats. contended that the law was unconstitutional in that it was special legislation against a certain class. To its opinion the supreme court says:

"As to the genesis and origin of this comparatively new section of our penal code, it has long been a part of judicial knowledge, of legislative knowl-8,636 Total daily .. 215,600 convicts in penal institutions are a aginary person who, as he seemed to most reckless and dangerous class. The think, stood before him. conditions of their sentences destroy their hopes, and with the destruction of hope all bonds of restraint are bro- and more violent they became conken, and then follows recklessness, against their fellow prisoners but even against their guards and custodians The series of savage and bloody escapes and attempts to escape from the state's and headed by life-termers, form part of the history of the state. Indeed it a number of magazines and is well known that prison officials have deemed it wise to clothe life-termers early?" he asked, with a show of sus-

At the last session of the Utah legthe various cities and towns of the islature an effort was made to incorcountry. They would be controlled porate a similar statute in the writ- slammed a letter down on the bar with ten laws of the state. The bill passed a fine show of wrath. both as to business and editorial poli- the senate, if our recollection is correct, but was killed in the house. The would be a model of typographical ex- actment, taking much the same ground cellence, and it is certain that a great that is covered by the California susaving in operating expenses would be preme court. The life-termer is near- affexnate effected. But the plan is not feasible ly always the most dangerous of pris-

Rarely does he hesitate about satispapers. They would necessarily be fying grudges against fellow prisoners toward heaven and swore they knew controlled by men of large and varied or against guards when enmities have financial interests. The newspapers arisen. The punishment provided by would not be allowed touch upon this the prison routine has no terror for the find it out for certain. You hain't seen or that subject of interest to the pub- life convict. He doesn't mind a month this pirate, then, as calls hisself lie welfare because criticism might hurt or so of solitary confinement or a few days on bread and water. He is al-And yet the matter in the newspa- ways looking for a chance to escape, pers would be of the very best class, and, if it seems necessary in the course

Often assaults by life men are of the But the scheme would fall to the most wanton and unprovoked characground because a manager living in ter. Now that a competent court has Chicago could not in the nature of passed upon the constitutionality of the things understand conditions in Den- statute and declared it sound, it would that letter? If I find out, I'll settle ver, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, be a good idea to reintroduce the meas-Portland. Omaha, Kansas City and all ure at the next session of our legis-

> declares that by no stretch of the imagination could be conceive the president as well to have it understood as how

The difference between "peculation" ference between larceny and embezzlea long term in prison and the title of run away, like he did three or four when he began to abuse Wakely, ac-"able financier."

campaigning and finds that the people have voted Bryan into the presidency, workin' a spell over to Greenville an' the accusation keenly. After protesting become his manager.

Secretary Taff will doubtless feel that had a wad hived away, mebbe five or in value, Wakely, losing all patience, un"Why, what's the Secretary Taft will doubtless feel that he was in error in esteeming the interference of Mr. Roosevelt so highly.

Says the Chicago Post: "The reason the house the night afore and got away the eye. why the American battleship's flag cap- with the old man's wad, but he had, the fact remains that Sullivan went to tured by the British brought so high a an' me knowin' 'twan't fittin' f'r to have price is that there are so very few of none I played with him. them in captivity." That seems to us to be the answer, all right.

A Boston physician, whose name we the members could not secure a drink mercifully withhold, advises people to sing whether they can sing or not, be- ain't nothin' triflin'. "At the University club even more cause singing expels germs from the starter holds out 'tain't.

club's annual dinner. He must have eaten something Friday that disagreed secret o' draw poker when all's said an'

Many a small boy feels that he could, though the struggle would be a hard coal during the Lenten season.

INSTEAD OF MURDER PLAY, POKER TO Greenhut Finds Unwelcome Brother Lost None of His Skill at Game SETTLE GRUDGE

(New York Sun.)

There was seldom any sign of activ- the tail of a sleepin' lion.

There had been no business, howclosing up the night before. So when Jake Winterbottom, Joe Bassett and Jim Blaisdell walked up the levee together in the direction of the saloon it would find, as Bassett put it, "Nothin' club people say that the police author- diddin'" when they should arrive. Nevertheless, they walked on steadily.

From time to time one of the three would chuckle. Then the next man Greenhut. have to invade a private home; that would laugh outright and then all three riment for which there was no appar- year'. something equally mysterious.

As they approached the saloon they abated the noise of their mirth without seeming to be any the less amused, and when they came near and looked in at the window they were hard put to it to refrain from howls and shrieks of

Old man Greenhut was going up and down the room, not in orderly fashion said genially, striding toward the bar. cheatin' me. as one who paces a quarter deck or a He was bareheaded, and his coat lay on the floor where he had thrown it. His hair was disheveled, as if he had

right arm stood out in bunches. Seizes Trusty Bungstarter.

His bungstarter, lifted from its usual to time the old man seized and branedge and of general knowledge that dished it, dealing blows of frightful force and dealy accuracy at some im-

His three friends outside looked on with huge enjoyment for a time, but as his paroxysms of rage became more cerned.

"He sure is done gone bughouse." said Winterbottom, "Who'r ha' thought he'd ha' took it so ser'ous? "He'll bust a artery if he ain't topped," said Bassett. "Let's go in," said Blaisdell, and they

When the old man saw them enter he stopped short and gazed at them At first he was surprised and then doubtful.

"How come you uns is round so "We was just strollin' the levee for

'Don't sound right," said old man Greenhut, "but mebbe you was. Bein' as you're here, mebbe you mought know somepin' o' this." And he two faces.

They looked at it with ostentatious curiosity, and when they had read it looked at the old man inquiringly. It laughing.

"Dear Eb: All is forgave. Let the night, but I'll see you tomorrow. Your BROTHER BILL." "Be you uns cocksure you don't know nothin' about this?" demanded old man Greenhut, looking at them with grave suspicion, and they raised their hands

nothing. "I think you're lyin'," he said, blunt-"an' the bugstarter's handy case I brother an' forgives hisself for his own high crimes an' misdemeanors?'

hotel," said Winterbottom, cautiously, he was talkin' some consid'able Bein' as he was drunk we didn't pay no 'tention.'

reflectively, "so somebody must have wrote this for him. It's him, all right, f'r nobody here knows 't my front name is Ebenezer, an' nobody but him ever called me Eb. Now, who wrote with him when I'm through with Bill." straight, and he said:

diddin' when this picaroon comes in row occurred in Hogarty's shop.

Possibilities of Draw Poker.

"It was through Bill 't I fust seen the possibilities o' draw poker an' how a man had ought for to be well edicated afore goin' out in the world for hisself.

'He was a'ays a ornery, low-down

"The last time he come back I'd been saloon an' drinked a few an' then bantered me to a game o' draw. "I didn't know then 't he'd broke into

an' I didn't find out till he'd gone 't the cards was marked. An' I hain't saw hide nor hair of him since. "What'll be did if I do see him today Not if the bung-

"I learnt my lesson f'm that game an' there hain't nobody played agin me with marked cards, not to no gre't No. dear madam, your husband did 'xtent, since then. More'n that, I seen not get that headache at the Press the iniquity o' playin' agin a man 't knows more'n I do thouten I knows a leetle moren't he does. An' that's the

Didn't Learn Lesson.

away place o' gettin' some stranger to Bowery, where the latter was showing and the "native sons" made a desperate sembled to be able to repeat his 'ciek

write letters for him, thereby twistin'; His manner changed as he came to the last words and he uttered them "Oh, no. He hain't never learnt his threateningly, but the old man was

ber can drink what he pleases or as business had interfered with closing thought of what he would do, the old fensively. much as he pleases and there is no up the place. On such occasions it man seized his bungstarter again, and interference from the police. Some might and occasionally did happen that began rehearsing a furious combat. clubs have rules which prohibit mem- there would be considerable excitement. His activity was wonderful and his

> river 'stead o' coming here.' Just at this moment Sam Pearsail en- ble.

almost out of breath. Then he said: "I never knowed you had a brother, looked doubtful.

in' steady since yesterday mornin', an' grace he's as sober as a preacher now.'

"Sounds like that mought be Bill," as how you cheated," he said, "an' if I his prime, Gorman had a run-in with said Old Man Greenhut, but all further catch you this time I'll kill you, sure the colored pugilist in the back room doubt was dispelled by the immediate as flood time. appearance of teh man himself. "Kill on."

Old man Greenhut's friends, who gleam was not one of brotherly love.

His breath came quickly. His arms should want it. plucked at it. The muscles in his good stiffened and the bungstarter was part-

mind. dered no more.

The old man's eyes brightened with be tended to any old time, but 'pears you must ha' filled. like it's a Christian duty to gather up fingers o' diligence."

present, not forgetting one for himself, caught good hands, the old man havand stood a bottle on the bar, first ing a pat flush and Brother Bill mak-

asked Brother Bill, when they had finished the first drink and were pouring seized his bungstarter, but before he out the second.

to get some fresh air," said Blaisdell, "an' we come in to see if you was up." this new-found relative, some ten years that he fell forward prone on the floor. younger than the proprietor of the sa-loon, and of same powerful build. There was also a noticeable likeness in the window. Then he ran two practiced

> replied the old man. "One on 'em's the up laughing. wad you robbed me of in Greenville." ain't mistook, an' I took two or three ed.

Eb. That ain't no nice word.'

lesson, but he's in a fair way to get a truculent. He said: Looking for Satisfaction. 'That's what I call it, an' I'm lookin' f'r satisfaction," and he glared of-

Then Jim Blaisdell spoke "Mebbe I hain't no call to butt in 'twixt brothers," he said, "but 'pears lenge. fury seemed almost demoniacal, so that like murder ain't reely necessary. take it this here difficulty is more a ate fighter in and out of the ring. "Looks kind o' bad f'r Brother Bill. matter o' money nor anythin' else. I indulged in many rough-and-tumble sition. "The battles in saloons and on the street," The might have been expected that they tered the saloon and looked at Green- say there wouldn't be no reason why O'Brien of Lewiston was an exception. Port. I found a man with a small shall not form hut in great surprise. He said noth- you uns can't kiss an' make up.' ing, however, till the old man paused,

would break forth in unrestrained merwould break forth in unrestrained merriment for which there was no apparvear'.

I nain't," shouted the old man. "I up quickly. "That there sure is sensihain't had no brother f'r thirty odd ble. Poker's a heap better 'n murder. In one of the departments of the

break away I'm the bar. He sure is a ing that his friends were of one mind, good drinker. They say he's been drink- he agreed, though not with a good as the welter-weight champion of Aus-"I al'ays laid it up ag'in you, Bill, Jackson, also from Australia, was in

"Kill on," said Brother Bill, care-"Howdy, Eb? Let's all liquor," he lessly. "I ain't none afraid o' you ing, biting, choking and tearing each

With this friendly understanding the sentry's beat, but irregularly and even were watching him in the full expectative sat down to a freezeout for \$500,

ward the ceiling and breathe out fer. to be disappointed. His eyes gleamed was certain that he would detect any- ter. In the prize ring, under Queenshe undoubtedly recognized, and the but the old man insisted on having his lasted two rounds with Jackson. bungstarter beside him in case he

From the start it was evident that ly raised. Yet at the sound of the new- the two players were fairly matched. comer's first words, a direct suggestion Understanding the percentages well. of trade and consequent profit to the they played well within the margin of house, the old man paused and seemed safety, but when they took chances orner, lay on the bar, and from time to be debating some question in his they backed their hands fearlessly. After some little play, the old man

For a moment his friends wondered, caught kings on Brother Bill's deal, but when brother Bill slammed a ten- and as Bill came in he boosted it \$40. dollar gold piece on the bar, saying, It looked enough like a bluff to induce "Lessee how fur that'll go," they won- the dealer to stay, though he had only two aces On the draw the old man took a card

the unholy light of avarice and he put but did not better, while Brother Bill away his bungstarter and went behind caught a small pair to his aces. When the bar, muttering, "Business fust. This the old man shoved his pile forward, here matter o' justifiable murder c'n however. Bill folded, saying, "I reckon

This victory proved only the precurthe fragments, like the Good Book sor of defeat, for the next bluff the old says, when the 'm lyin' round under the man made was called, and the chips went back and forth for half an hour Then he set out a glass for each man Finally came a deal on which both carefully depositing the gold piece in his ing a full house on a two-card draw. till.

The freezeout was over, and Bill "Well, Eb, how do you find things?" nimbly pocketed the stakes.

Realizing his disaster, the old man could rise Brother Bill shoved the ta-He was a jovial looking desperado, ble against his stomach so forcibly "There is things I hain't never found." finding no pistols or knives, jumped

"I remember," said Brother Bill, er when he had a weepin," he said to "You was al'ays a hard the others, "but he ain't no more harm loser, Eb. We played a freezeout, 'f I nor a spanked baby 'thouten he's heel-I reckon I ain't overly welcome past be forgot. Been drinkin' some to- hundred off en you. But, lord, what's here, though, an' I'll mosey along. If more, I wouldn't call that robbery, any you uns happens in at the tavarn I'll be happy to treat.'

FIGHTS OUTSIDE THE RING.

How Famous Pugilists Have Got the Worst of It in Some Free-for-All

(Detroit Free Press.)

There was a stranger up to the in the prize ring under Marquis of latter to a rough-and-tumble battle then head open with a bottle and sent the let out to contractors, who used mines. Queensberry rules, it does not always and there. mean that he can win a go-as-you-please 'Bill can't write," said the old man, of the fistic arena. Many a ring chamence and rules do not count.

strenuous career as many battles out-William Hogarty, a Boston barber, who 'I mought as well tell you uns was a close friend of Sullivan, made the One of President Roosevelt's admirers what's what, bein' as there'll be things big fellow run for his life one day. The Sullihere, if he comes, an' maybe it's just van, who was drinking heavily at the time, called the barber some hard at the latter's face.

the burly Boston pugilist, then cham- as a champion barroom fighter both who knocked the Brooklyn boy pion of the world, for, grabbing up a here and in England. heavy water pitcher, he struck Sullivan such a stunning blow on the head that erest pugilists who ever drew on a Not as I owes Bill no gratitute f'r the friends interfered then, and Sullivan, Davies, the sporting man, who was paper writer in a Sixth avenue saloon He timed his steps wid hers an' walked What I reely owes him c'n coming to his senses, hurried to the Hall's manager at the time. They were about ten years ago, and was promptly

in vain, Wakely, losing all patience, unsix hundred. He come 'round to the hooked a blow that sent Sullivan Parson?" asked Lewis. "Isn't he good floor with him in a Forty-first street sprawling on the floor, and while he lay enough for you?" there, dazed and rattled, some say Wakely kicked the former champion in Whether this was so or not, his hotel with the worst looking "shin-er" that ever decorated his fighting Seein' him with money was a s'prise, his hotel with the worst looking "shintace. This little rough house affair

> never spoken to each other since. 1883, made the big fellow cry "enough" met his match outside of the ring, quit Harry Maynard's saloon in Frisco while sant slugging. they were giving exhibitions together on Smith.

Mitchell had Paddy Slavin with him, pairs or rough-and-tumble encounter outside and both were drunk. They called Corply would not fight, and finally withpion has met his match in the highways drew from the scene, but not until after weight champion, take water in a Court to go down, is by all odds the worst and byways of everyday life where sci- a bystander had punched Slavin in the street saloon by using a handy siphon. place on the coast. The Jessie Barlow mouth, while Fatty Langtry, a Bowery When, several years later, Dwyer was tough, had threatened Mitchell with an dying of consumption in a Brooklyn shore, where the tide runs six or seven John L. Sullivan has had in his long, empty bottle. After that, Mitchell insulted Corbett repeatedly in the street him comfortable. side of the ring as inside of it, and on and in various hotels, but "Gentleman Again he looked suspiciously at the several occasions he has received the Jim" waited until he got the blowing gave his old rival, Sam Collyer, a great three friends, but they kept their faces worst of barroom or street brawls. Englishman in the ring at Jacksonville, thrashing one day in front of a sport-

chopping block. and Slavin fell out. They clashed in a rules with bare knuckles. London resort, and though Slavin had an immense advantage as to age, weight eral times outside of the ring. At the

Jim Hall of Australia, one of the clev- jaw John went down for the count. Some glove, met his match once in Parson pugilists in his day, insulted a newsnearest drug store to be patched up.

Several years ago Sullivan was visitthey suddenly got into a bitter arguconquerer became so elated over his dog, an' onprincipled. Didn't 'pear to ing up in Jimmy Wakely's saloon at ment. Hall picked up a bottle with success that he undertook to whip a ter was too quick for the Antipodean. and was so badly cut with a razor that times a year, we useter lock up nights cusing him of having been a party to He grabbed a carving knife and he died from his injuries. Young Corbett has also an' break in, but he al'ays did it some- latter's fight with Jim Corbett in New the puglist to a hospital for several feat at the hands of non-professionals Orleans. Wakely was one of Sullivan's weeks. When Hall recovered, he came backers in that affair, so that he felt east and asked the late Warren Lewis to moment. The last time the Denver boy

"Why, what's the matter with the

scar on me throat!"

Pritchard in 1892. After that victory, was employed as a bouncer in an upbroke up a friendship of twenty years' Hall had a good time around London town wet goods emporium. During the well, ne got my wad, too, me bein broke up a friendship of twenty years' Hall had a good time around London town wet goods emporium. During the From Mary Ann that day; none too good of a player them days. I didn't find out till he'd gone 't the standing, for Sullivan and Wakely have lowed and the men came to blowed a lowed and the men came to blows to remove a gay and festive young In other numerous imprompty battles the went at each other with bare rounder, who turned upon Jake with An', faix, the only thing she heard Was when he read the banns Sullivan has emerged at the little end knuckles, hammer and tongs style. such an onslaught that the veteran of the horn. Herbert Slade, the Maori Those who witnessed the affair said that pugilist had to go to bed for several whom John L. licked in three slashing rounds in Madison Square Garden in argument, for Hall, satisfied that he had lost his job.

> Jack McAuliffe, former lightweight The Man Who Blows up Wrecks at the road under the management of Al champion, has had more than his share Sullivan was wrestled to the of battles outside of the arena. floor and Slade was in the act of chok- years ago in Frisco McAuliffe had ing him when Smith jumped in and fierce encounter with Young Mitchell, pulled the Maori away. Sullivan did who then was the middleweight cham-

attempt to send him to prison. But he as often as the government calls on was finally released after he had prom- him. ised to leave the state.

Auliffe later on landed one of his knock- in an even voice and without any hard sult that for the first time in his life in a race to the top of the water. He McAuliffe was put to sleep. Not long afterward Fitz and McAuliffe met in a his pillow, and finds that it induces hotel at Bath Beach, and this time the lanky Cornishman, who was not much He worked as a diver about three of a rough-and-tumble artist, took to weeks when he went to New York and the tall timber.

Theatre patrons on upper Broadway bound to England. He followed the sea were amused one night when they saw for years and worked up to the position McAuliffe chasing Jim Corbett from one of captain of one of the clipper ships out rules, and he failed to see any benefits where he remained a year. accruing from McAuliffe's modern chal-

Mysterious Billy Smith was a despervenge he c'n have it at the poker ta- and in nearly all of them he proved the for me," said Captain McMahan, "was If he wins his wad back, I sh'd master. But his encounter with Dick to blow up a sunken schooner off News. They met in a Boston groggery one catboat to tend me and I shall not for-"Surest thing you know," said Broth- night and, after a terrifie battle, in get the experience I had in a long er Bill, heartily, but old man Greenhut which everything went, O'Brien made time. The man did not know his busithe mysterious one guit. Smith was Jake Winterbottom, however, spoke also beaten to a pulp by Dick Moore in too much air, while at others I had In one of the departments of the lair would be cut off, and I did some even o' the justifiable kind, an' there New York City government there is ing of it to remain open is entirely open to the fustifiable kind, an there is a vap up tional with the club. A decision from his thigh and exclaim, "I wouldn't miss a court on this point would make very it for the best mule in Arkansas," or a court on this point would make very it for the best mule in Arkansas," or a court on this point would make very it for the best mule in Arkansas," or a court on this point would make very it for the best mule in Arkansas," or a court on this point would make very it for the best mule in Arkansas," or a court on this point would make very it for the best mule in Arkansas," or a court on this point would make very it for the best mule in Arkansas," or a court on this point would make very it for the best mule in Arkansas," or a court on this point would make very it for the best mule in Arkansas," or a court on this point would make very it for the best mule in Arkansas," or a court on this point would make very it for the best mule in Arkansas," or a court on this point would make very it for the best mule in Arkansas," or a court on this point would make very it for the best mule in Arkansas," or a court on this point would make very it for the best mule in Arkansas," or a court on this point would make very it for the best mule in Arkansas, a court on this point would make very it for the best mule in Arkansas, a court on this point would make very it for the best mule in Arkansas, a court on this point would make very it for the best mule in Arkansas, a court on this point would make very it for the best mule in Arkansas, a court of the best mule in Arkansas, ney, who came here twenty years ago tralia. Along about 1890, when Peter

> of a 'Frisco saloon. They rolled about on the floor, gougother's hair, with no interference from the bystanders, until Gorman got his min'l at a glance that he was the soit hands on Jackson's throat and put on of man I wanted. His sloop, the Pen-

at sight of the long lost brother, whom thing crooked that might be attempted, berry rules, Gorman could not have and give him my life line I feel just It was also in 'Frisco that Sam Fitzpatrick, then Jackson's manager, treated Jim Burge, the Australian "iron man," to rough handling This was another saloon row, Burge being finally put to sleep with a blow on the top of William K. Vanderbilt's big steam the head with a cribbage board.

Paddy Ryan, when champion of America, visited a Bowery boxing hall Handkerchief channel. I had to use one one evening with several friends. charge of 1,700 pounds of guncotton and Standing in front of the bar, was Red dynamite before she would break up at Leary, the bank burglar.

ne cracksman, beckoning to the fight-"Not with you or any of your kind,

retorted Ryan, with a sneer. Leary, as he edged up to the champion. about twelve or fourteen feet of water. That's all." was the reply.

its appearance, and Paddy, putting his should have done, I gave it a pull. hand on his nose, stepped back in astonishment.

"He's not game," cried an old fighter, I was not expecting this and looks for his own blood."

and pulled down the blinds. Meanwhile came jammed and I was not getting Ryan and Leary were clinched in a enough air. It was a case of work quick fierce struggle, rough-house rules, or die of suffocation. You bet I hus Leary was an old hand at this style of tled. window. Then he ran two practiced hands over the old man's clothing, and champion. They fell to the floor and then dropped the lead belt around my were covered with blood.

> his head and butted Ryan terribly. In less than ten minutes Ryan was a badly beaten man, and said he wanted no but before he could decide what had washed from their faces and hands. Then Leary turned to Ryan, who held hauled me aboard the sloop. He worked a wet handkerchief to his bruised features, and said:

"You may be the champion, but don't all in ever get fresh for that reason! Come and have a drink with me now! Hey bartender, open a bottle of wine!" And

Ryan did not refuse. Joe Goddard, who was known in Australia as "the Barrier champion," and ne of the most dangerous men in the in a theatre just after he was matched fighting game, was severely beaten Because a man may be a good fighter to fight Sullivan, and waylaying James once in New Orleans by his manager, in a barroom next door challenged the Teddy Alexander, who cut Goddard's big Antipodean to a hospital for re-

The late Charley Johnson of Brookbett all sorts of names, but James sim- lyn-one of John L. Sullivan's backers hundred dollars. -made Johnny Dwyer, once heavyhospital, Johnson did his best to make knots, the water is gray with sand, and

Billy Edwards, in his palmy days, when the latter became a veritable ing resort in Center street. Edwards and knees. It's dangerous, I admit, also defeated Collyer twice in two long, Not long after that incident Mitchell hard battles on the turf under London

Terry McGovern has been beaten sevnames, and finally aimed a terrific blow and condition, Mitchell treated him to a recent bicycle race in Madison Square terrific rough-and-tumble beating. In Garden McGovern became involved in Hogarty, however, was too quick for fact, Mitchell for years was regarded a squabble with an unknown scrapper, with a quick wallop on the point of the Kid Lavigne, one of the greatest

whom he has tackled on the spur of the got into a mix-up George Jenney, an English theatrical dresser, wiped the restaurant before he discovered Cor-bett's identity. Then the Britisher ex-Who tread the Irish grass, "Oh, he's too bloomin' rude!" replied bett's identity. Then the Britisher ex-Hall, with a grin. "Look at this nasty claimed:

"Bless me 'eart, but hi'm flyin' 'igh!"

in a fierce rough-and-tumble fight in cold after about six minutes of inces- DARING CAPTAIN M'MAHAN.

the Bottom of the Sea.

(Boston Herald.) Captain Theodore McMahan of Newport is the only charter member of the not try to retaliate when the men met pion of the Pacific coast. They met in Submarine Dynamiters' association of the street and McAuliffe scored a signal the United States. The membership Bill hain't never learnt his lesson. If he had he'd be in some furrin' parts never could be induced to fight outside pounded his head on the pavement un-

His escapes from death have been Bob Fitzsimmons in a row with Mc- so frequent that he talks of them now

out blows on Jack's jaw, with the re- pedalling. He has often beaten death shipped as a cabin boy on a vessel

restaurant to another. Corbett fought of Boston. He gave up the sea in 18%1 only for fat purses, under recognized and went back to his old home in Ohie, He saw an announcement that the government wanted men to do the work of blowing up wrecks, clearing ob-

> He structions, etc., and applied for the po-"The first work that was laid out ness, and at one time would give me hardly enough to sustain me.

I was sent to blow her up. I went to Chatham and walked down to the shore looking for a man and a poat suitable for my purpose. I saw a sloop about thirty feet long and made up my mind that if the owner of that

boat was any good I would get her. "I found the owner, a tall, keen eyed man about my own age, Captain George W. Crowell, and made up my pressure until the heavy-weight's rose, is one of the ablest little craft shape, and when I go over the side as safe as if I was on shore. I would not go down to a wreck without nim." When asked what he thought was "iron the hardest job he ever undertook, he

"I think it was the blowing up of yacht, the Alva, which was run into and sunk by the H. M. Whitney in the all. If I remember rightly I used a lit-"Have a drink with me, Ryan," said the over four tons of dynamite on her."

"Once when I was at work on a lit tle vessel in Hyannis harbor," said Captain McMahan, "I had a narrow escape. The vessel had caught fire and "What do you mean?" demanded run into the harbor, where she sank in "Why, I don't drink with crooks! I suppose I got a bit careless, being in such shallow water. I went down on Quick as a flash the burglar let go the port side and walked around the his right and landed a fearful blow on bow, when my life line caught. Instead the bridge of Ryan's nose. Blood made of going back and clearing it, as I

"Captain Crowell, thinking I wanted to come up, began to pull on the line. who was in the crowd. "No game man thrown off my feet and pulled under the forefoot of the vessel. I realized The proprietor, seeing that there was that I was in a bad predicament, and, going to be a hot fight, locked the doors to make matters worse, my air pipe be

went at it like two bulldogs-butting, waist. I reached quickly for my life biting, kicking and punching until both line and air pipe, and, taking a turn in the latter, with my knife, I cut both

The burglar was a master in using the life line and the hose. "Captain Crowell, as he pulled on the line, realized that something was wrong They got up and the blood was happened I had come to the surface. "Captain Crowell as fast as he could to get my helme off, and when he succeeded I was about

> "In a job like the one I am doing now we have on board the sloop about a ton of dynamite, but there is no danger, not half as much as there is with gasoline. I have a twenty-pound can of dynamite under my pillow so my head will be high, but I never lost any sleep over Before Captain McMahan took up this work for the government, the work was

To blow up a wreck cost from \$12,000 to \$15,000 under the old system, but now the work is done for practically as many "Pollock Rip, where I frequently have for instance, lay about twelve miles off the slack lasts only from fifteen to thirthose shoals swing me off my feet, so that I had to drag myself back on hands

but with a sane man at the upper end of things I'm likely to get out all right."

THE MELTIN' O' THE SNOW. (Catholic Standard.) 'Tis cold th'-day,' said John McCann, Upon the road to mass. The sorra word said Mary Ann, But stopped to let him pass; Fur, shure, he was the bold young man,

Twas not himself that would be balked But O! she passed upon her way, The little chapel door colder land, a colder sky, Than this, for all its store of gold. For all it is so grand, never knew the feel o' cold At home, in Ireland; But here, in these forsaken parts, The snows, the bitter storm. Creep even into Irish hearts
That should be kind and warm. rish grass, said John McCann, This blessid day!

Small heed is where the heart is not, An' shure, 'tis safe to say, 'Twas little that the pastor got But jist that bold young man's For two true hearts that soon would be In happy wedlock one. Then out she passed an' home went she Who was it walked beside "Ye heard the banns? Ah, well." he said "There's one has found a bride. Thank God! one Irish heart is sweet,
Though all the one I know
That makes my own Jone heart to beat
Is cold an hard as snow."
"But now 'tis softer, John McCann—" Ochone! the modest lass The snow. I mean." blushed Mary Ann Upon the road to mass.